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THE HIVE.

"BE THOU THE FIRST, OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND,——HIS PRAISE IS LOST, WHO STAYS 'TILL ALL COMMEND."

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1803.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I WAS calmly enjoying my toast and coffee some mornings ago, with my sister Dorothy and Jack Stylish, when we were surprised by the abrupt entrance of my friend, Mr. Andrew Quoz. By the particular expression of his *knowing phiz*, as cousin Jack calls it, I immediately perceived he was laboring with some important intelligence.

In one hand he held a newspaper, and with the fore-finger of the other pointed to a particular paragraph. I hastily put on my spectacles, and seized the paper with eager curiosity. Judge my surprise, Mr. Editor, on reading an act of the legislature, pronouncing any citizen of this state who shall send, bear or accept a challenge, either verbal or written, disqualified from holding any office of honor or confidence, or of voting at any election within this state, &c. &c.

The paper fell from my hands—I turned my eyes to friend Andrew in mute astonishment. Quoz put his finger to his nose, and winking significantly, cried, "what do you think of this, my friend Jonathan."

"Here is a catastrophe," exclaimed I, in a melancholy tone. "Here is a damper for the mettlesome youths of the age. Spirit of chivalry, whether hast thou flown!—Shade of Don Quixotte, dost thou not look down with contempt, on the degeneracy of the times!

My sister Dorothy caught a sympathetic spark of enthusiasm—deep read in all the volumes of ancient romance, and delighted with their glowing descriptions of the heroic age, she had learned to admire the gallantry of former days, and mourned to see the last spark of chivalric fire thus rudely extinguished.

Alas! my brother, said she, to what a deplorable state are our young men reduced! how piteous must be their situation—with sensibilities so easily injured, and bosoms so tremblingly alive to the calls of honor and etiquette!

Indeed, my dear Dorothy, said I, I feel most deeply for their melancholy situation. Deprived in these dull, monotonous, peaceable times, of all opportunities of evincing, in the hardy contests of the tented field, that heroic flame that burns within their breasts, they were happy to vent the lofty fumings of their souls in the more domestic and less dangerous encounters of the duel—like the warrior in the fable, who deprived of the pleasure of slaughtering armies, contented himself with cutting down cabbages.

Here a solemn pause ensued. I called to mind all the tales I had heard or read of ancient knights: their amours, their quarrels, and their combats; how on a fair summer's morning, the knight of the Golden Goose met the knight of the Fiery Fiddle; how the knight of the Fiery Fiddle exclaimed in lofty tones, "whoever denies that Dona Fiddleosa is the most peerless beauty in the universe, must brave the strength of this arm!" How they both engaged with dreadful fury; and, after fighting till sun-set, the knight of the Fiery Fiddle fell a martyr to his constancy; murmuring in melodious accents, with his latest breath, the beloved name of Fiddleosa.

From these ancient engagements, I descended to others more modern in their dates, but equally important in their origins. I recalled the genuine politeness and polished ceremony with which duels were conducted in my youthful days, when that gentlemanly weapon, the *small sword*, was in highest vogue. A challenge was worded with the most particular complaisance; and one that I have still in my possesson, ends with these words—"*your friend and affectionate servant, Nicholas Stubbs.*" When the parties met on the field, the same decorum was observed; they pulled off their hats, wished one another a good day, and helped to draw off each other's coats and boots, with the most respectful civility. Their fighting too was so handsomely conducted; no awkward movements; no eager and angry pushes; all cool, elegant, and graceful. Every thrust had its *sa-sa*; and a *ha-hah* lunged you gently through the body. Then nothing could equal the tenderness and attention with which a wounded antagonist was treated; his adversary after wiping his sword deliberately, kindly supported him in his arms, examined his pulse, and enquired with the most affectionate solicitude, "how he felt himself now?"—Thus every thing was conducted in a well-bred, gentlemanly manner.

Our present customs I can't say I much admire. A *twelve inch barrel pistol* and *ounce ball* are blunt, unceremonious affairs, and prevent that display of grace and elegance allowed by the small sword. Besides there is something so awkward in having the muzzle of a pistol staring one full in the face, that I should think it might be apt to make some of our youthful heroes feel rather disagreeable; unless, as I am told has been sometimes the case, the duel was fought by twilight.

The ceremony of loading, priming, cocking, &c. has not the most soothing effect on a person's feelings; and I am told that some of our warriors have been known to tremble and make wry faces during these preparations—though this has been attributed, and doubtles with much justice, to the violence of their wrath and fierceness of their courage.

I had thus been musing for some time, when I broke silence at last by hinting to friend Quoz some of my objections to the mode of fighting with pistols.

Truly my friend Oldstyle, said Quoz, I am surprised at your ignorance of modern customs: trust me, I know of no amusement that is, generally speaking, more harmless. To be sure, there may now and then a couple of determined fellows take the field who resolve to do the thing in good earnest; but in general our fashionable duelists are content with only one discharge; and then, either they are poor shots, or their triggers pull hard, or they shut the wrong eye, or some other cause intervenes, so that it is ten, aye, twenty chances to one in their favor.

Here I begged leave to differ from friend Andrew. I am well convinced, said I, of the valor of our young men, and that they determine, when they march forth to the field, either to conquer or die, but it generally happens that their seconds are of a more peaceable mind, and interpose after the first shot; but I am informed that they come often very near being killed, having bullet holes through hats and coats, which

like Falstaff's hack'd sword, are strong proofs of the serious nature of their encounters.

My sister Dorothy who is of a humane and benevolent disposition, would no doubt detest the idea of duels, did she not regard them as the last gleams of those days of chivalry, to which she looks back with a degree of romantic enthusiasm. She now considered them as having received their death-blow; for how can even the challenges be conveyed, said she, when even the messengers are considered as principals in the offence?

Nothing more easy, said friend Quoz;—a man gives me the lie—very well: I tread on his toes in token of a challenge—he pulls my nose by way of acceptance: thus you see the challenge is safely conveyed without a third party.—We then settle the mode in which satisfaction is to be given; as for instance, we draw lots which of us must be slain to satisfy the demands of honor. Mr. A. or Mr. B. my antagonist is to fall: well, madam, he stands below in the street; I run up to the garret window, and drop a brick upon his head; if he survives, well and good; if he falls, why nobody is to blame, it was purely accidental. Thus the affair is settled, according to the common saying, to our mutual satisfaction.

Jack Stylish observed, that as to Mr. Quoz's project of droping bricks on people's heads, he considered it a vulgar substitute: for his part, he thought that it would be well for the legislature to amend their law respecting duels, aad licence them under proper restrictions—that no person should be allowed to fight without taking out a regular licence from what might be called the *Blood and Thunder Office*—That they should be obliged to give two or three weeks notice of the intended combat in the newspapers—That the contending parties should fight till one of them fell—and, that the public should be admitted to *the shew*.

This, he observed, would in some degree, be reviving the spectacles of antiquity, when the populace were regaled with the combats of gladiators. We have at present no games resembling those of the ancients, except now and then a bull and bear bait, and this would be a valuable addition to the list of our refined amusements.

I listined to their discourse in silence; yet I cannot but think, Mr. Editor, it is entitled to some attention. Our young men fight ninety-nine times out of a hundred, through fear of being branded with the epithet of *coward*; and since they fight to please the world, the world being thus interested in their encounter, should be permitted to attend and judge of their conduct.

As I think the subject of importance, I take the liberty of requesting a corner in your paper, to submit it to the consideration of the public. JONATHAN OLDSTYLE.

[*N. Y. Morning Chronicle.*

THE FRENCH SWIMMER.

AMONG the Parisian refugees who lately came to Dieppe, in their way to England, was Monsieur D———, who arrived at the above port late in the evening, and finding the packet would not sail until early the ensuing morning, he sent his trunk on board and retired to rest at his inn, with a promise from the captain, that he should be called previous to the sailing of the vessel. In the hurry, however, poor Monsieur D——— was forgotten, and the packet of course got under way without him. It was day-light before he awoke, when, on inquiry he found, to his inexpressible mortification, that she had put to sea full three hours. He ran immediately to the beach, but the extreme thick fog which prevailed, utterly prevented his even obtaining a transient glimpse of her sails. Notwithstanding it rained in a most violent degree, a water-man undertook, for an additional reward, to follow the packet; about two leagues distance from Dieppe the boat came along side of her, and poor Monsieur D——immediately got on board, completely wet to the skin, as if he had been ducked.

The captain on seeing him enter the cabin was thunderstruck with his appearance, and requested to know how in the name of wonder he came from land? Monsieur D——— insisted that he swam on board, and shewed his wet clothes in proof of his assertion.—The captain in vain attempted to discover the boat, which was returning on account of the fog which still continued. After complimenting his passenger on his extraordinary abilities as a wonderful swimmer, he waved taking the sum agreed on for his passage, and in due time they landed at Brighton. The following day the captain dining with a party of gentlemen, the conversation happened to turn on swimming, and one of the company offered a bet of two hundred guineas that he had a servant would beat any man in England at that exercise; the wager was immediately accepted by the commander of the packet, who went in search of Monsieur D———. He started at the proposal, conscious that he could not take a single stroke: understanding, however, that the wager was play or pay, and that if he succeeded he should have one hundred guineas for himself, he consented, and the following morning, at five o'clock, was fixed for trial of skill. All parties were at the place by the appointed time, except Monsieur D———. After waiting some minutes they observed him striding towards them in an enormous pair of fisherman's boots, drawn close round his thighs, a large oil-skin great coat, strapped about his waist, and his hat tied under his chin with a silk handkerchief, and under his right arm he carried a small box. On their desiring him to draw off his boots and undress, he replied, "Veritable me will not, I do alvaise take the long journee in the boots and des habit." "The devil you do!" exclaimed his opponent.—"Let him alone (replied the captain of the packet) I have been a witness to what he can perform." "But surely he does not mean to swim with the box too?" "Begar, but me do," was the answer, "vat you take me for one great fool, to swim all de vay from Brighton to Dieppe, without eat or drink," and opening the box, discovered to the no small amazement of all present, a cold roasted chicken, a pint of wine, and a French roll. On seeing this his opponent positively declined the contest, swearing, that he could be no man, but the devil himself in disguise, and if he ventured would certainly drown him.

ON SELF GOVERNMENT.

HE that is master of himself is a king. Though his body should be in prison or in chains his mind is free; and he exercises, within himself, a most noble sovereignty. On the other hand, the monarch, who glitters on his throne and has the power of life and death over millions of men, is himself a slave, if he submits his reason to the control of passion and appetite.

Alexander, by common consent, has obtained the name of *great*, because, forsooth, his sword had shed more blood than that of any other man. He was the *great butcher*, not of herds and flocks, but of men. In reality, however, as to a most important point, he was Alexander the *little*. He was a miserable victim to drunkenness and to violent anger; and in the rage of passion, inflamed by wine, he slew Clitus, his best friend and bravest general, with his own hand. The old philosopher was much more deserving of the title of *great*, who, when his servant had acted in a provoking manner towards him, said to the offender, "I would correct you, if I were not angry." No man is truly *great*, who does not govern himself; nor is any man really *little*, who uniformly and strictly maintains self government.

Would you obtain the honor of a conqueror?—The field is open. Conquer your own unruly passions and appetites, and lay those rebels prostrate at the feet of reason. It is a most noble conquest. Would you be a ruler?—Govern yourself. Be the commandant of your own garrison. This kind of authority (and it is in the power of every one to exercise it) is equally necessary, useful and honorable. Hence the wise men remarked, "He that ruleth his own spirit is better than the mighty." [*Balance.*

THE BOGS IN IRELAND.

[*From Burke's Hibernia Curiosa.*

THOUGH the bogs have generally been classed among the natural disadvantages of Ireland, I shall, notwithstanding, take them

into the number of its natural curiosities, at least they will appear such to an English traveller, both as to their origin and produce. But prepare yourself to travel as light as possible;—throw off every unnecessary weight, for the surface you have now to tread on is very infirm and dangerous; and should you once break through, you have but little chance of stopping in your descent, till you reach the antediluvian world; for that will probably be the first firm footing that your feet will find. This seems to be the most prevailing opinion here, concerning these bogs, namely, that the timber and trees of every kind, which are frequently found at the bottom of them at very different depths, were originally thrown down by the universal deluge in the life of Noah. This opinion is conjectural, though not altogether improbable.

I just now recollect a similar instance of this kind in England. When the new harbour, at Rye, in Sussex, was first opened, at the bottom they came upon a layer of timber of various kinds, at the depth of fifteen or nearly twenty feet under the strand: and on turning over one of the bodies of these trees, there was found the skeleton of a man complete, and of a gigantic size, in a position as if he had been attempting to climb the tree, and it had fallen on him. The conjectures upon this were various; but is was the more prevailing opinion of the many gentlemen who were present, that he was one of those ill-fated inhabitants of the antediluvian world who was endeavoring to save himself from the approaching deluge, by climbing the tree.

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Extract from an Address, delivered by the Rev. D. B. Warden, Preceptor of Kingston Academy (New-York) to the Students of that Academy.

HAPPY is that youth! whom wisdom tutors: whom science leads to her abode. Her immortal charms invite our warmest search. Her beauties, however, cannot be discovered without examination. Methinks I see your bosom glow, inspired with her love. If you seek her early, she will conduct you to a garden full of fragrance. She will lead you to enchanting groves where a thousand beauties dwell.

Whilst you are perusing the Roman and Grecian authors, may the constancy of a Scipio, the virtue of a Cyrus, the contempt of power and wealth in Cincinnatus, the justice of Aristides, and the love which Leonidas bore to his country, inspire you with the energy of virtue. And, while you are reading the history of your own country, may all those virtues of the ancient worthies, which shine forth in the life of the illustrious *Washington*, awaken, in your breasts, a noble ambition, and inspire your minds with amiable and heroic sentiments.

Now is the time for laying the foundation of your knowledge. If, in your present years, you mistake the true path, it will destroy the peace, and poison the reputation of your future life. He who still continues to drink of folly's cup; or, who allows himself to sink in the bed of indolence, will ever remain a stranger to those delightful sensations, which sways the breast of the diligent and attentive youth.

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THE CHILD TRAINED UP TO THE GALLOWS.

IS any father so unnatural as to wish to have his son hanged, let him bring him up in idleness, without putting him to any trade. Let him particularly inure him to spend the Lord's day in play and diversion, instead of attending on public worship; and instead of instructing him, on that day in the principles of the Christian religion, let him rob a neighboring hen-roost, while the proprietor is gone to devine service. Astonishing it is to see so many of our young people growing up, without being apprenticed to any business for procuring their future livelihood!—The Jews had a proverb, "That whoever was not bred to a trade was bred for the gallows." Every Mussulman is commanded by the Koran to learn some handicraft or other; and to this precept even the family of the grand Seignior conform, so as to learn as much about the mechanism of a watch, as to be able to take it in pieces, and to put it together again. Are christians the only people in the world who are to live in idleness, when one of the injunctions of the decalogue is, to labor six days in the week? and an inspired apostle has commanded us to work under the express penalty of not eating in default of it? "This we command you," said he, "that if any one should not work, neither should he eat." "Train up a child," says king Solomon, "in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." But if you intend him for the gallows, train him up in the way he would go, and before he is old, he will probably be hanged. In the age of vanity, restrain him not from the follies and allurements of it. In the age proper for learning and instruction, give him neither.

—

Advice to a Young Man about to enter into the Marriage State.

IN choosing a wife look not on the outside of the body, neither let your mind greedily behold her portion; but respect the qualities of the mind, and the virtues of the heart, expressed in her life and conversation. If in one you find all these, you shall be called happy. However, if you follow my rule, be not over hasty in contracting yourself, though you fancy a lady worthy your love, lest you buy your rashness with repentance. Aspire not too high for advancing your blood, & debase not yourself for increase of wealth. Great ones draw too great occasions for expence; and to disparage your birth by your match, giveth envious tongues room to censure. Let her age be in some proportion to your own, neither over-yeared, nor in nonage. If she doth, she will be disliked, and an occasion ministered for new loves. If too young you marry her wealth, and not her person, and in her unripeness the tempter angleth for your soul. Being bound seek not to be loosed. Matrimony solemnized before God and his congregation is not to be retarded at your pleasure. Content yourself with your own choice, and make your wife companion and partaker of your counsel; ruler of all within, as you are disposer of all abroad.

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CAMDEN, *(s. c.)* August 1.

Apparition! ! !—On or about the 20th of June last, as I lay meditating before day, I saw plainly the appearance of a young woman, by name Tabitha Ashley, standing by my bed-side. Tabitha departed this life about the 15th of February last. The apparition said to me, "Will you go to my father's house, and read and pray with them, pray mightily with them, and warn them to prepare to meet their God in heaven? And also, go to my sister's house, and warn them also to prepare to meet their God in heaven?" And I said, I will go. This alarming sight and voice put me in a strange amazement for ten days; when one day as I was alone in my smith-shop, about mid day, I heard a voice say to me, "I am afraid you will not go to my father's house." I then turned to see who it was, but I saw no one. I then turned to go out, when the voice said, "And will you go?" I then spoke and said, if the Lord will enable me I will go, and perform as far as the Lord enables me. The voice replied, "Do as soon as you can make it convenient." Accordingly I went and performed my message, and again on my return, I heard the voice say to me, "Now I am satisfied."—The apparition was dressed in a robe of white, of a strange description.

South Carolina, Kerskaw District.

Personally appeared, Wm. Gragg, who being duly sworn, says on oath, that the foregoing declaration is certain and true.—Sworn to and signed, this 8th day of July, 1803. WILLIAM GRAGG.

Before me, JOHN NIXON.

SUCH of our Agents as have received money on account of *The Hive*, are requested to forward it as soon as possible.

Those who write to the Editor by Mail, must pay the postage of their letters, otherwise they will not be attended to—as he is determined not to release them.

Printing elegantly and promptly executed at this office.——*Orders solicited.*

POETRY.

FOR THE HIVE.

The BACHELOR's Advice to the LADIES.

YOU ladies all where e're ye be,
Whatever be your station;
Respect yourselves in every choice,
Make love your observation.

So in your choice do what is best,
I pray you do not tarry;
And when you have your fancy fix'd,
O then do haste and marry.

Youth is the time when you're in prime,
So join the wedlock bands;
And to increase and multiply,
Fulfils the great commands.

So take advice and be not nice,
Although 'tis from a stranger;
The ladies friend I wish to be,
And warn them of their danger.

But if you now do offers slight,
In age you'll be dejected;
Old maids you see, as well as me,
By youths are disrespected.

And on this plan do choose your man,
I say the man with grace;
Away with you old bachelors,
You with a winter's face.

And for old maids whom youth degrades,
Their prime is ne'er returning;
All you that have the furrow'd brows,
I wish you all good morning.

The following Poem, is said to be the production of Mrs. BELLAMY, wife of the unfortunate gentleman, whose affecting statement we published last week.

IN deepest shades of wretchedness and woe,
With scarce a friend my dreary state to know,
Or, where 'tis known, few, few are there I fear,
My worst of fates, for to relieve or share;
In penury and sickness—gloomy train!
My heart afflicted, torn and rent with pain;
The hovering shade of death around me flies,
And spreads its sickening dimness o'er my eyes—
Would they were clos'd in that oblivious sleep,
Where cease the wretched for to feel—or weep—
Where poverty's hard gripe afflicts no more,
And life's delusions and delights are o'er:
Where friendship's ne'er resorted to in vain,
Nor turns from penury with cold disdain.
—My Children!—oh! thou Eternal Power!
Whose care presided at their natal hour,
To these, my friendless babes, thy care extend—
Be thou their father—and be thou their friend;
When the cold grave becomes their mother's bed,
And when the long grass trembles o'er her head.
—Their Father!—oh! sweet attribute of Heaven!
Mercy! be thou to their poor father given;
Behold in these sweet innocents the cause;
'Twas THEY, not HE, that broke his country's laws.
Necessity—that knows no laws nor fears,
Urg'd by his children's sad complaints and tears,
To desperation drove him—fatal day!
A crime committed—years can't wipe away—
O'er leap'd right's bounds—society's great tie,
And forfeited HIS life, lest THEY should die!
But why not suffer on—my EDWARD—why?
Why not consign your famish'd babes to die?
Did e'er a tear roll down my care worn cheek;
Or 'gainst my husband one sad murmur speak?
Say, was I not to Heav'n's great will resign'd?
And sure we did from Heav'n oft comfort find.
What—though the day was wasted thro' in grief,
And you at night return'd without relief—
Return'd when every faithless friend was try'd;
Hopeless return'd; for every friend deny'd!
Then on your fainting wife such looks you've cast,
That I must recollect, whilst life shall last.
Have I not round your neck my fond arms thrown,
And knelt with you before Heav'n's gracious throne?
And whilst the bursting tears delug'd your face,
We've pray'd together for sustaining grace,
And rose renewed in faith; whilst our sweet child
Slept as we pray'd; and as we wept, it smil'd;
Ah! little know the rich, the great, the gay!
Who spend in festive joys their lives away,
The pangs my Bellamy; the pangs you bore;
Pangs which no creature ever felt before:
And all for ME; you told me you could bear
Fates hardest crush, If I had not a share;
That hunger, thrist, and cold to you were ought,
But for your children! O! heart-rending thought!
His children perish; he a father driv'n,
To err 'gainst the laws of man and Heaven!
Cruel alternative; yet God thou'rt just;
Nor should thy councils e'er be scan'd by dust!

But oh! should e'er this tale, which here appears,
Wrung from my heart, and blotted with my tears,
Its passage wing to that mild eye which beams—
With mercy's cheering, vivifying streams—
To 'him' whose breast with mildest virtues glows,
And whose long reign one scene of goodness shows!
I pray that 'he' his pardon may extend—
And mercy grant my Bellamy—my friend!
So may that Pow'r who sits on Heav'n's high throne,
Who crowns hath giv'n, and kingdoms overthrown,
Around his head, ten thousand blessings show'r,
And be his shield, his comforter, his tow'r;
May Britain, great in arms, in commerce grown,
Ne'er want a George to fill Great-Britain's throne;
But to my loud cries list—O! mercy lend!
Pardon my Bellamy—my husband—friend!

STRIKING FATE OF GUILT.

THREE inhabitants of Black, travelled together. They found a treasure, which they equally divided. They continued their journey, entertaining each other with their different schemes of employing their riches which they had thus suddenly acquired.—The provisions which they had along with them, were consumed: they therefore agreed that one of them should go to town and buy some, and that the youngest should execute that commission. He accordingly went.

As he was upon the road he said to himself, 'now indeed I am rich; but I should have been much richer if I had been alone when the treasure was found. These two men have carried off two-thirds of my riches—cannot I fall upon a way of recovering them? That I think may be very easy. I have only to poison the provisions I am going to buy, and on my return say that I have dined in town. My companions will eat without suspicion, and die. I have at present only the third of the treasure, I shall then have the whole of it.'

In the mean time, the two travellers conferred together in these terms: 'we had little occasion for this young fellow's company at such a juncture. We have been obliged to give him a share of the treasure. His part of it would have encreased ours, and we had both been truly rich—He will be back to us soon—we have good poignards.'

The young man returned with poisoned provisions; his companions assassinated him—They then eat and died, and none of the three enjoyed the treasure.

A receipt to make a bad Husband a good one.

TAKE of the plants sincerity, cheerfulness and modesty, each one pound; of the mother of carefulness, two handfuls; infuse them into a large portion of personal decency, well mixed with the flowers of complaisance; then drain the essence from all impurities, and add of the oil of condescention quantum sufficient.—This has been found a never-failing nostrum, & may be safely given in large doses, morning—noon—and night.

TERMS OF THE HIVE.

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